

son I am sad, for that reason I cannot sing
victory. Dreyfus
is free, "but our Trance remains ill, feeling that
she has not
strength enough to bear the splendour of truth
and justice.
And yet I am hopeful, for I believe in her
labour, in the
power of her genius. A somewhat long period
would have
elapsed, perhaps, had I decided to await her
complete recovery
before accepting the medal which has been
laid aside for
so many months in the expectation of a
beautiful dawn. So
I accept it now with emotion and with
gratitude. And I
hope that I shall not die before I see, reflected
in its pure
gold, that rising dawn of supreme national glory
which we
have all desired."